*W. Richard Weagly*

7869 STARLING DRIVE

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA 92123

March 24, 1975

Dear Gene:

You will assume that I am crazier than ever, but I wanted you to know that I had begun Christmas, even tho' I failed to complete it, and that I am sending Easter with Christmas, rather than leave you in suspense(?) any longer.

Your letter arrived on Jan. 20th, and I laid it with the Christmas card, planning to write long ago, but never stopped to do it. It is not that I am unmercifully busy, just that I seem to neglect more and more the things I should pursue. Your news of Sunny came to me as a shock, but you may have mentioned it before and it failed to register. I am so sorry, and I can hardly imagine her as an invalid, for if anyone was active and vitally alive, it was Sunny, and my memories of her are made up of ceaseless activity. I hope she is doing better by now, and that you are more able to find rest and release from the worries you mentioned.

I hear from Elisabeth Stimson fairly regularly, and she trys to keep up her bubbling spirit, but it is evident she wishes she were in Manhattan, no matter what it is like now. Jesse Lyons wrote last week and told me that Mary Fairchild is in Lynwood, scarcely in touch with reality, except to talk of returning to her apartment, which will never be. Frances Ballard wrote last week to say she is back at teaching and trying to meet each day, and pretty well accepting Lyman's death, which came at a merciful moment. Elisabeth and Jesse both spoke of Van Dusen's pact, both puzzled and somewhat unable to go along with the act, but who knows????

We are blessed here, in health and work and tho' my chest pains come and go at will, depending on how much I walk up-hill, or stairs, or get upset. I weigh too much, and the doctor has been insisting for over a year that I lose 30 pounds, but I can't seem to manage it. Anna fell in the street about two weeks ago, tripping over a loose plate-cover in the sidewalk, and broke her left hand, but the cast will be removed next week, she thinks, and she has managed very well.

I took on a Catholic choir last May, and we are in the midst of Holy Week and Easter music, and I find it quite satisfying and rewarding. They number 18, and are completely untrained vocally and musically, so it is an up-hill struggle to get them to learn, but they are willing and anxious and loyal, and we have improved greatly in nine months. You would not know the Catholic church, if you were once acquainted with it, and we sing many German chorales, much service music that Protestants have used, and the mass I am using for Easter morning is by Everett Titcomb, once organist of Emmanuel church in Boston.

I play and direct for the 9:30 Mass, and I stand in front at the lectern for 8:15 and 12:15 masses, and sing the hymns, thereby hopefully disturbing the congregation into joining me. So far, they sit and stare, and tell me afterwards how nice I sound(at 66!) but refuse to learn one new tune. I like the three priests very much, 2 of them quite Irish, and they seem to appreciate my being there to help them, so it is a good feeling once again.

Once again, thank you for your good letter, and I hope you are feeling more rested by now and more hopeful for Sunny. If I could get that far East, I would surely drop by to see both of you, but with the prospect of gas, taxes, war, and what else.....I doubt if I come soon.

Love to all,

Dick

P.S. Not having heard from Doktor Fox in seven years, I phoned him Christmas Eve, and after many delays and much shuttling from person to person, I finally made it..... only to learn he couldn't recognise my voice. HA!